

TALES

impact that they forced them backward, westward through the canyon with sheer cliffs on either side, where none could escape. As they approached the elbow of the canyon where it veers to the left and south, many of the Indians had circled to the rear of the devil men and had cut off their retreat. And so they forced them to retreat up the north wall in the elbow where the wall at this point is not a sheer drop. Across the great plateau to the north they forced them into another box canyon, where only two small places could be used for retreat down these precipitous trails. (These two places are now called the Upper and Lower Devil's Staircase.) The Indians pursued the devil men as fast as possible. Down through the canyon they forced the devil men in retreat. It all looked as though it was nearly over when they came to the mouth of this great canyon as it opens into a beautiful valley covered with luxuriant grass, surrounded by forest-covered mountains. As they approached the valley, it seemed that thousands upon thousands of devil men came out from behind trees and rocks and fell upon the Teton Indians with such force that they caused them to retreat back up the canyon.

MANY of the Indians had fallen, as had the devil men, and as the devil men forced the Indians back up to the sheer cliffs on the sides of the canyon, the great leaders began to fall. Stalwart warriors who had seen many, many battles lost their lives. Finally only the four great chiefs were left, and then one by one Hunting Teepees, Big Dog, Thunder Cloud, and Two Eagles were slain.

The Great Spirit then noticed what had happened and caused all of the devil men to be driven to the north into a great wood-studded valley in the center of which was a great lake. As the devil men came near the lake, the Great Spirit caused a violent storm to come. Lightning flashed and set fire to the

great forests around the lake, and as the fire was at its height, tremendous earthquakes struck down the mountains and caused the great lake, all the devil men, and the burning forests to be entirely covered over. (This is where the geysers and paint pots of Yellowstone Park now belch forth.)

Soon the squaws, the papooses, and old men arrived at the scene of the battle in precipitous Death Can-

yon, and as they followed the trail of the battles a great wailing went up for the loved ones who had fallen! Their grief was so intense that the Great Spirit formed four great peaks at the head of the canyon. The north one, Thunder Cloud, the medicine man; the tallest peak, Chief Two Eagles; farther to the south Chief Big Dog; and next Chief Hunting Teepees. Across a

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Legend of TIMPANOGOS

AS INTERPRETED BY W. BERT ROBINSON, VICE PRESIDENT AND TREASURER

UTAH-IDAHO SUGAR COMPANY

FORMING part of the Wasatch Range of mountains in Utah, and located immediately south of Salt Lake City, imposing in its towering magnitude, Mount Timpanogos stands in majestic grandeur, as though to symbolize, perpetuate and protect the tranquility and beauty of the surrounding countryside.

Timpanogos is an Indian word meaning Sleeping, or Reclining Maiden, and from the floor of the valley below, upon the topmost crest of this magnificent monument, the outline of a woman's figure is plainly visible. Centuries ago, before the coming of the white man, this section of the earth was inhabited by a group of North American Indians. The particular tribe of which I speak was a peace-loving people, believing in God, and recognizing his presence here upon the earth as

being in the form of the Great Spirit of the universe, possessing the power to create life and to administer death to every living thing.

The luxurious growth of foliage and vegetation of the magnificent forest nearby was abundantly inhabited by deer, elk, antelope, and other wild animals from which the Indians gathered their supplies of food and clothing. Within the forest, bubbling streams gave forth springs of sparkling water, forming rivers and lakes, upon and within which, wild fowl of the air and fish of the sea were plentiful. The Indians lived in tranquility, contentment, and happiness.

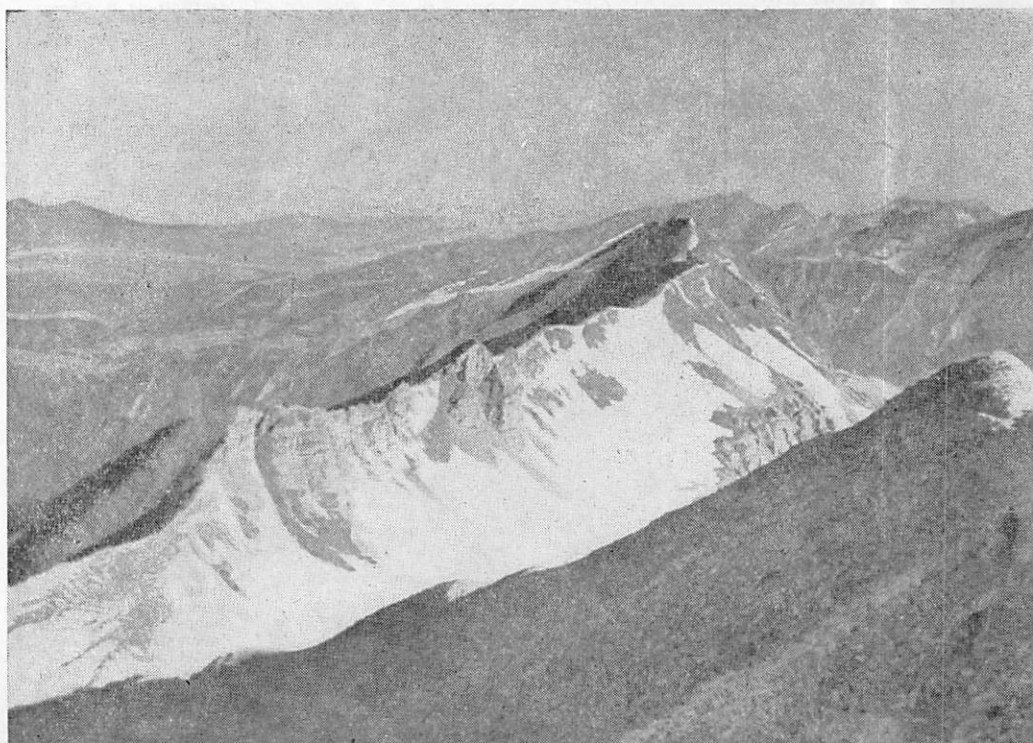
BUT in the course of time, a great drought visited this section of the earth. The rainfall ceased; the

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SNOW-CAPPED MOUNT
TIMPANOGOS

—Photograph by
Richard G. Thayne

JUNE 1948



Era GOLDEN JUBILEE CAMPAIGN

*Outstanding
Success*

By JOHN D. GILES
BUSINESS MANAGER

"THE King is dead. Long live the King." In foreign lands when the old ruler passes and a new one is crowned, the people gather and shout the traditional, "The King is dead. Long live the King."

This year the customary cry of the Old Country lands becomes especially appropriate in reporting *The Improvement Era* Golden Jubilee

LONG BEACH STAKE
Double Citation Winner
President Virgil H. Sponberg; Y.M.M.I.A. Superintendent, Dr. F. Glade Wall; Y.W.M.I.A. President Luella S. Barnes; Y.M.M.I.A. "Era" Director Clay A. Miller; Y.W.M.I.A. "Era" Director Grace Johnson.

MESA STAKE
President Lucian M. Meacham, Jr.; Y.M.M.I.A. Superintendent E. R. Brimhall (no photo available); Y.W.M.I.A. President Lucille M. Taylor; Y.W.M.I.A. "Era" Director Ruth Brundage.

UNION STAKE
President Lloyd Walch; Y.M.M.I.A. Superintendent Marion N. Stoddard; Y.W.M.I.A. President Pearl Bruce; Y.W.M.I.A. "Era" Director Julia Hiatt.

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Double Citation Winner
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PHOENIX STAKE
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CHICAGO STAKE
President John K. Edmunds; Y.M.M.I.A. Superintendent Wayne C. Durham; Y.W.M.I.A. President Reeta Turner; Y.M.M.I.A. "Era" Director James E. Bradley.

lee subscription campaign. For several years the campaign has been ruled by South Los Angeles Stake, the pioneer in modern type *Era* campaigns. Year after year this progressive stake in Orange Land has bided its time and then conducted a campaign which has sent it to Church leadership. In the present campaign, however, the old one has been dethroned and a new king appears. Not only has a new king emerged in the campaign, but two aspirants to the crown waged a titanic struggle right up to the last minute.

South Carolina Stake, one of the newest in the Church, will be crowned as leader of all the Church in percent of quota at the forthcoming June conference. With a total of 639 percent of its quota, this baby stake outdistanced all competitors and set a new record for the proportion of subscribers to quota. South Carolina finished in fifth place in total subscriptions, with 933.

Expected by many to be the win-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

LEGEND OF TIMPANOGOS

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bubbling springs no longer gave forth their streams of sparkling water, leaving the lakes and the river beds entirely dry; and as the parched earth absorbed the last drop of moisture, the foliage and vegetation withered and turned brown, as though no longer able to fight for its life, and inevitably yielded to the hand of approaching death. The wild animals and the wild fowl of the air migrated to other areas in search of food, leaving the Indians confronted with destitution, misery, starvation, and death.

In desperation, the tribal chieftain summoned his one and only beautiful young princess daughter, Timpanogos, and instructed her to enter the forest, and to ascend to the highest peak of the mountain, there to pray to the Great Spirit for the return of rainfall and for the liberation of her people.

Timpanogos did as she was instructed. She entered the forest; she ascended to the highest peak of the mountain; and there, for days and days she prayed. Finally, her prayers were heard and answered. The rainfall did again descend; the bubbling springs again gave forth their streams of sparkling water, filling the lakes and the river beds to overflowing. The foliage and

vegetation of the forest resumed its beautiful green summer coloring. The wild animals and the wild fowl of the air returned to their former habitation, and again all was peace and contentment with the Indians.

As a symbol of gratitude which she and her people felt for their liberation, Timpanogos offered herself in sacrifice, and was thereupon transformed into an Indian goddess of pure white and gray quartzite, and today, as for centuries past, Mount Timpanogos which bears her name, proudly and reverently supports the outline of her beautiful figure upon its topmost crest . . . twelve thousand feet above the sea. And there, with a smile of gratitude upon her face, and as though in communion with God himself, and throughout eternity, she lies, gazing straight into the blue of heaven. . . .





16. San Antonio Branch Gold and Green Ball, Texas-Louisiana Mission.

17. First Gleaner Comraderie ever held in Kauai District at Kapaa, T.H., was enjoyed by the Gleaner Girls.

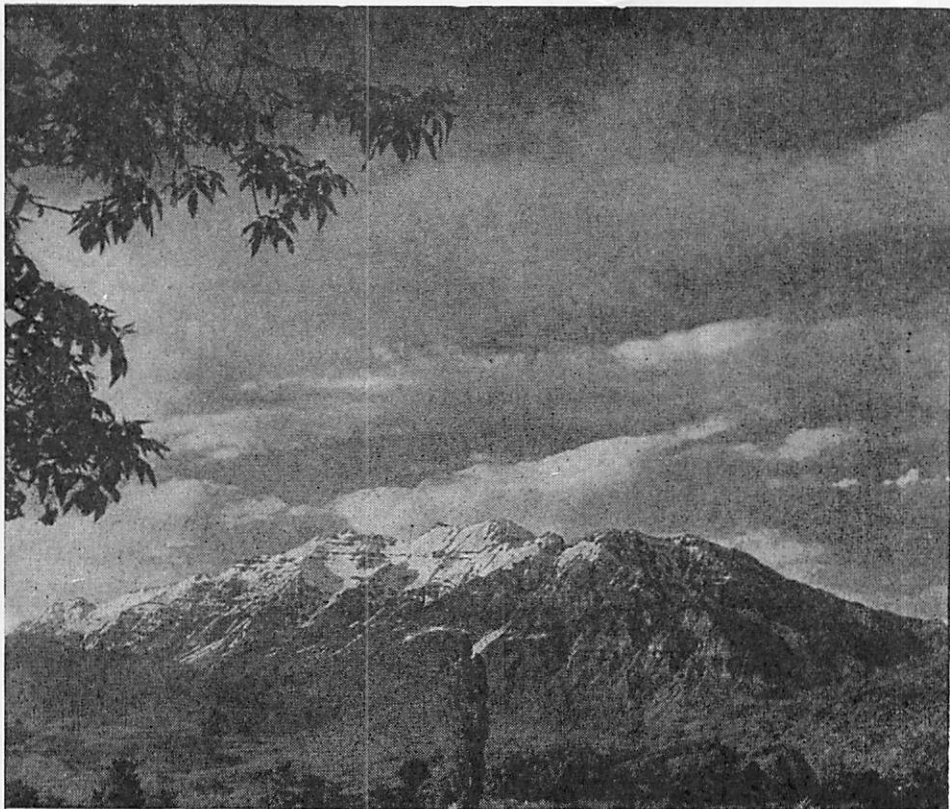


TIMPANOGOS

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Legend

I MUSE upon a hillside redolent
Of purpling grape and sun-rouged
pear and peach,
While storied ages penetrate content
And stir my spirit, heart, and mind
to reach
For meanings in an Indian maiden's
bed
Above this valley which she died to
save—
Beneath the northern star her sculp-
tured head,
Against the sky the lips denied her
brave.
Her heart rests in a crypt beneath
her bier,
Through slow years into lucent cal-
cite formed.
Great waves that broke like thunder
on her ear
Have shrunk to these blue ripples sunlight-warmed
And freed the hills for fruited tree and vine—
Her life, her death, not hers alone but mine.



—Photograph, by Biddulph Studios

Escalante

W EIGHTED with weariness and dusty-robed—
Long miles, vermilion-cliffed, from Santa Fe—
A padre squatted near this shore and probed
A chieftain's mind. His dream of Monterey,
Brought nearer by this trek, was growing dim
As savages harangued of deserts strange
And white with bitter crystals, with a rim
That grew from purple hillocks to a range
High as eternity and deep with snow.
He faced his men and gauged with ear and eye
Discouragement, supplies already low,
And let decision hang upon a die.
They circled homeward. Destiny decreed
This valley wait for men of different breed.

Progress

A MORMON scout attained the Wasatch height
And scanned the valley—benchland, coulee, lake.
He caught his breath, eyes closed against the sight
And blessed its beauty for his people's sake.
Dawn rose behind. The maiden's shadow floated
Upon the azure water deeper blue
White-striped with foam. A hermit thrush,
flute-throated,
Stirred in a pine and sang his matins through.

Long years to man are short to her who sleeps
Above this valley floor where he has plowed
The wild-wheat meadowland and sagebrush steeps
For smoky towns and highways motor-loud,
And still he reads her script upon the skies,
His back toward earth and heaven in his eyes.



WESTERN ECHOES

By John Sherman Walker

THE wraiths of former years rise eerily
with eve's
return—and sage-sweet westering winds
revive
old myths . . . and memories . . . and
echoes of
Hoofbeats—pounding down the prairie trail
into the town; cow-ponies stomping at the
smooth-worn hitching rail:
Footsteps—sounding in the streets and
gathering
in the plaza square; the singing stomp of
rowel-spurred boots . . . the clomp of
miner's hobs
across the walk . . . the gliding tread of
moccasins . . .
and the plainsman's lengthy stride:
Hum of voices comes again from houses of
the town;
soft strumming of an old guitar . . . and
a girl's
sweet song; low laughter . . . and a
babe's hushed cry;
the lilt of a lost lullaby.

SING A SONG OF CALICO

By Dorothy J. Roberts

SING a song of calico,
For once our mothers wore it.
Though fashion pare it down to "print,"
We still hold and adore it.

What fancies twined its figured length
On Mamma, looking homey
In aprons of it, starched and clean
For kitchens, big and roomy.

"Tie-arounds" and "bibs" she wore,
With strings in a measured bow.
The memories of "Ma" are wrapped
In yards of calico.

TWO KINDS OF FLOWERS

By John Nixon, Jr.

A STAR may burst and shower cold white
fire
Upon the unsuspecting world below,
And for each spark one daisy of desire
May split the sod and spread its leaves and
grow.
A soul also (not being rapture-proof)
May fall in shining fragments down the
long
Tunnel of night—to foster flowers of truth
Or loveliness or poetry or song.

PLASTIC

By Dale Suthern

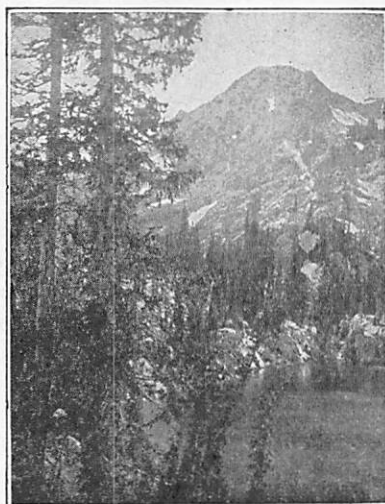
EARTH lifts a clean, crisp apron to the
east
And scoops into its fold the pliant day,
A day to fashion with her hands
As if it were a lump of potter's clay.
Earth takes the plastic, yielding ball;
With patient fingers tries there to arrest
A worth-while form—her thought intent
To fashion wisely, model fitly lest,
Instead of pride, her mood shall be to vent
Impatient scorn when, letting apron fall,
She slides her work into the waiting west.

SERVICEMAN'S GRADUATION

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

YOUR stately step beneath a rich festoon
And lofty music has transformed
earth's plain
And sullen hour. Hear in that measured
strain
The tempo for your life this scented June!
The magic of the gown will go too soon
For you who saw this world in throes of
pain,
And conflagration stayed by crimson rain,
Who could not have youth's lilac-tinted
moon.

Go forth to moments when the heart is
tight,
To enter or escape life's prison bars
Of worldliness, to love or loathe their
might.
There comes from those who face life's
sunset spars
The old-as-mankind parents' prayer to-
night,
"That you, beloved, may reach your shrine
of stars!"



UNDER WESTERN STARS

By Catherine E. Berry

THE winds blow hot, and the winds blow
cold,
And the trails are hard and steep,
And the desert nights are lonely
When I lie down to sleep.

But the friendly sky, so wide, so high,
Holds a million twinkling stars.
The air is fresh and clean and sweet,
And freedom has no bars.

Though I like to roam, the trails are home;
The west is a part of me;
Its beauty and peace and grandeur dwell
Deep in the heart of me.

ODE TO A MOUNTAIN

By Camille C. Nuffer

I CANNOT think of a mountain
As a wall of rock and sod,
To me it's a temple;
Where I can be near God.

WILD CANARIES

By Beatrice Munro Wilson

TODAY I saw a lovely thing,
Ten golden birds, a jeweled string,
Swung necklace-like against the sky.

The slender wire they rested on
Flashed silver once and then was gone
In blue too bright for human eye!

And I remembered lovely things
That we forgot. Joys fold their wings
But still, upheld by faith, wait by.

SUNDIAL

By Maryhale Woolsey

WITH morning . . .
shadows come long and leisurely.
Across the gently waking world they fling
A path that stretches endlessly away
And promises . . . so much of everything!

At noon . . .
shadows creep close against the wall,
And each is brightly edged with dreamer's
gold.
Time, poised in brilliance, hints foreverness
Of all the heart aspires to have and hold . . .

By evening . . .
shadows go striding up the sky
With urgency in every purple ray;
Stricken, the heart regards inevitable night
And wonders where was lost the long sweet
day.

A PRAYER FOR MEN AT CONFERENCE TABLES

By Floyd T. Wood

GOD of all nations, great or small,
Let them not into error fall;
Cast out the things that make them blind:
The narrow soul, the narrow mind
That faith dishonors; will not see
The peace of right that ought to be.

What matters shade of outer skin
If souls are clean and white within?
Is strangeness, by its nature, wrong?
Is justice only for the strong?
So as they gather to repair
A frightened world, please, God, be there.

OUR NEIGHBOR

By Lutie H. Fryer

MY heart remembers well the day
Our next-door neighbor moved away;
As I recall that farewell note,
Emotions finger at my throat.
We'd neighbored well for thirty years
And shared each other's joys and tears.
I realize love's deathless power
Has well-preserved our parting hour.
Her house assumed a vacant stare;
Its soul had gone; she was not there.
The day had inched itself along;
Cicadas sang their evening song.
When lamps were lighted in the sky,
The breezes echoed our good-bye.
A crescent moon hung in the west,
And sorrow was my only guest.
A tree that hugged the roof with care,
Wind-shaken, seemed my grief to share.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA